

PAGE 6

FANCY A QUICK PINT?
ARTIST GEORGE RICHARDSON
IS AS SHARP AS A FRESHLY
POURED LAGER

PAGE 10

DISCOVER WHAT'S HOT
AND WHAT'S NOT FASTER
THAN AIRDROPPING A
NOTES PAGE

PAGE 12

CAMP IS THE NEW BLACK
AND THE BIG SCREEN
KNOWS IT

READ ALL ABOUT IT IN
THE FILM REVIEWS

PAGE 14

A SENSATIONAL
SPORTS SECTION
WITH PULL-OUT POSTER
- UNMISSABLE SCENES

PAGE 19

PYRO QUEERS, WHY DOES
HISTORY THINK WE'RE SO
DAMN HOT?

MATTEO PINI SHEDS LIGHT
IN SHORT ESSAY

PAGE 24

DINNER IS SERVED WITH
THIS SHORT STORY
BY MAXWELL LUNN



CONTENTS.

3	<i>Introduction</i>
4	<i>Feature: Samuel George</i>
6	<i>Feature: George Richardson</i>
8	<i>Interview With Ted Rodgers</i>
10	<i>In/Out</i>
12	<i>Review: Please Baby Please</i>
13	<i>Review: The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert</i>
14	<i>SPORTS: PULL-OUT POSTER</i>
16	<i>A Liminal Landscape</i>
18	<i>Best Read Books</i>
19	<i>Fire in the Hole</i>
20	<i>Feature: Jazmin Morris</i>
22	<i>Embers of Identity</i>
24	<i>Ding!!!</i>
26	<i>The Lighthouse</i>

Credits:

Graphic Design
Copy Editor
Writers

– Samuel George
– Maria Kazarian
– Credited throughout

Image generation – DALL·E 2
Fonts – Off Set v.01 by Off Type
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– The News Hound

Note from the Editor:

Hey there,

Welcome to Artie, a place to celebrate creative endeavours and showcase truly great work.

The first thing that you've, no doubt, already noticed is that this publication is printed in blue ink. Many of the artworks in this paper were not intended to be blue; so, I suggest – in fact, I positively suggest – that you whip out your phone and take a better look at these works through your screen for an extra slice of life. In a nod to the renowned film 'Blue is the Warmest Colour' (2013), a cherished favourite of mine, this colour choice also represents a subtle act of rebellion, reclaiming a hue that has been associated with certain conservative groups.

In truth, this paper is a token of love to the town of Margate – a town I recently relocated to and where I continually discover a sense of belonging that evades many other places. Throughout all future editions, expect content directly inspired by the vibrant artistic community at the heart of this town. This particular issue seeks to strengthen the connection between Margate and London, extending a hand to foster mutual artistic and economic value. Following this sentiment, every individual featured here is someone I have personally met and developed a relationship with. They not only pique my interest but also evoke a genuine and inspiring passion for their craft, whether it's through sculpture, poetry, fiction, or even Instagram stories. I encourage you, dear reader, to seek, cherish, and embody their experimental spirit.

Lastly, I'd like to acknowledge the integration of artificial intelligence in this publication. I strongly believe that as creatives, we should wholeheartedly embrace this technology to become its primary users and reap the benefits of its progress; otherwise, it would be a shame if we were replaced in our creative processes. AI hasn't authored any of the words you see here, but it has significantly aided in brainstorming initial ideas. Similarly, I've utilised image generation to produce the uncredited illustrations, serving as a supportive guide for the text. And finally, image enhancement has been employed to adjust image scaling for optimal print quality.

It is with pride and endearment that I leave this all with you now, Artie. To my readers, I sincerely hope you enjoy Issue 001.

Samuel George
Editor





*Untitled (Tied),
Climbing Rope and Concrete, 2023*

Let me start off by acknowledging that yes, I am using my own platform to promote my own work, and yes, of course, I'm putting myself in the first issue of this paper because if it pops off, then I want to relish in all its glory. The thing is, it's difficult to get published, and if you want something done right, do it yourself.

These recent works are influenced by the experience of moving homes, finding oneself in a liminal zone, never settling in one place for too long. Some may perceive this as 'the artist's way', a continuous journey without settling. Well, as poetic as that may sound, I find the act of watching myself and my peers hauling sofas, wardrobes, desks, and suitcases from one rental property to the next quite tedious. Nevertheless, despite the challenges of the rental market, we persist, accumulating bubble wrap, cardboard boxes, packing tape, newspapers, and polystyrene foam thingamajigs along the way.

These items are the contemporary relics of movement, the modern-day equivalent of a ceramic bowl thousands of years old unearthed from the soil due to an accidental break during a house move in 4000 BCE. While these objects are not ancient, their composition suggests they will endure far longer than a bowl. Don't get me wrong, I'm not romanticising plastic; the observations made are simply questioning the identity of these materials. Where does our relationship with these objects truly lie? What do they reveal about ourselves? We appear to be both aligned and at odds with the things we've created.

A significant aspect of the meaning behind these objects relates to my identity as a queer person. The equipment and materials I explore are often reassessed

to illustrate that things are not always as they seem, or more philosophically, that these objects do not fully reveal themselves to us. Objects, particularly in an art context, often remain concealed from us; our perception of them is confined and limited by our biases and assumptions.

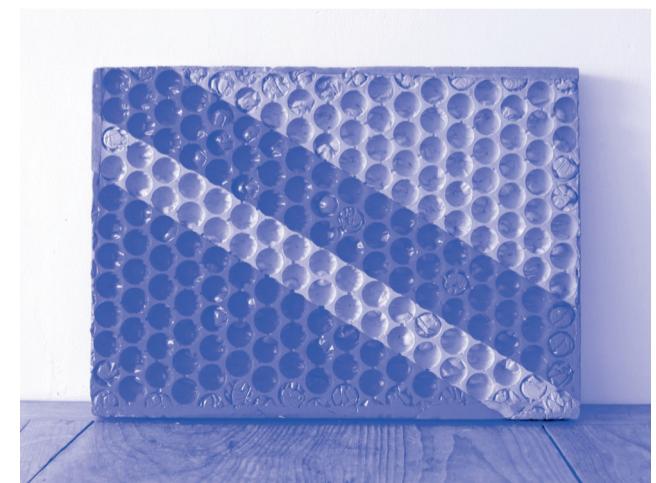
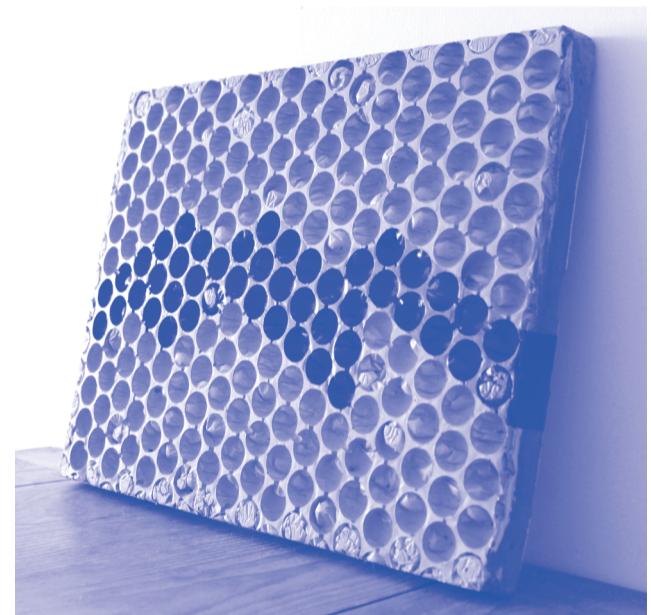
Here's a quick thought experiment I enjoy. Think of a book. Simple, right? Now the book you're imagining probably has pages to flip through, a title, and is more or less a rectangle. Imagine if none of these aspects applied: it's now triangular, the pages are stuck, and there are no words. Moreover, you're not even in the room to observe it. Is this still a book? Pretend you've never been informed about what a book is. Does the book in the adjacent room still exist, or has it transformed into something concealed within the backdrop, hidden from human contemplation, much like the age-old question of whether a tree falling in a forest makes a sound if no one is around to hear it?

I cannot count the instances I've felt hidden from human contemplation, whether it's regarding grand queer liberation or simply not having anyone to talk to at a party. There is solace in objects, in reassessing and reinterpreting the context of what we often take for granted. This preoccupation with 'things' leads me to wonder how many times we can alter something before it no longer resembles its original form.

Samuel George (b. 1997) is a conceptual artist and designer from Leeds, Yorkshire, currently residing and working in Margate.

Ever since their studies at Central Saint Martins, UAL (2020), they have employed tools and equipment as a medium to create artworks documenting life in its simplest form.

Subsequently, they have completed the Associate Studio Programme, an ACME-led initiative supporting UAL graduates, and have exhibited throughout the UK.



Eternally Seeking Residence,
Acrylic on Concrete, 2023

SAMUEL GEORGE

Late-night pool games, the haziness that comes with being four pints deep, longing for a heart-to-heart with a mate you haven't seen for a while – these are some of the elements that artist George Richardson's work exudes. Indeed, his works imbue a gentle tenderness even when exploring heavily masculine and quintessentially British subject matter, always striking a delicate balance between the 'manly' and the emotional.

I had the privilege of observing Richardson's work closely during our time sharing a studio for a couple of years in South London. His attention to detail is comparable to that of a master craftsman, consistently maintaining a high level of awareness in his creative process. I've witnessed him devote more attention to his layers of gesso than I devote to this paper, and I assure you, that's saying a lot!

What I find particularly intriguing about Richardson as an artist is the way he curates his surroundings, transforming his studio into a living space rather than just a workplace. Unlike many painters and sculptors, who often create chaos in their studios only to emerge with a respectable finished piece, George treats his environment with the utmost respect. He hangs tools alongside printed references, elevating them to the same status as an artwork, and he lingers late into the night, embracing the solace of his paradisal sanctuary, simply existing amongst his creations and contemplations.

This way of existence, I believe, strongly influences his ability to capture contemporary masculinity in his sculptures. The pool cues and the green velvet table fabric bend, quite literally, to his will, as they



*One Is Never Enough,
Brass Ale Tap, Oil on Plywood
Tiles, Teak, Glass, 2022*

narrate tales of intimate man-to-man conversations.

It reflects the manner in which we gather around a pint, sharing our sorrows and relying on one another to uphold the holy order of things in a pub environment – everyone is welcome, but adherence to the rules is paramount! Richardson's work truly resonates with the idea that the modern man has taken a long, introspective look in the mirror and has transcended the stereotypes we once associated with him.

*This article was written by
Samuel George*



George Richardson is a contemporary artist born in England, working across painting and sculpture. Richardson graduated with First Class Honours in BA Fine Art from Central Saint Martins, UAL, in 2020. He also holds a MFA from the Slade School of Fine Art, UCL.

Richardson is currently an artist in residence at the Sarabande Foundation, set up by the late designer Lee Alexander McQueen. Richardson was also awarded a place on the Associate Studio Programme in 2020 – this programme offers 10 UAL Fine Art graduates a studio space in London for two years.

GEORGE RICHARDSON





*The lights are on but nobody's home,
Pub Table with Antique Light, 2023*

On an oddly warm day in October, I visit Ted Rodgers in their studio in Margate. Radiohead is gently playing in a room containing not much more than a long white centre table, with some lovely-looking design books and a shiny lamp. Ted's donning some skate couture and we immediately begin talking fluidly about Japanese paper, minimalism, and Caran d'Ache pens (are they more than just a Biro?).

T: I just ordered some paper and I'm really excited for it.

S: Oh yeah, very nice.

T: I sort of did a pot luck on Jackson's. I'm new to Jackson's art supplies, but all of the painters in the Tracy Residence just get Jackson's, so here's my first order. I got some nice charcoal because that's what I've been drawing with. Some Japanese papers. I also ordered some thicker papers from the London Graphic Centre.

S: Oh nice, looks like a good edge.

T: Yeah, I think these are the Japanese ones, they're really thin. I want something that's a bit like... Floppy?

This is what I draw on usually [gestures drawing on plain white paper]. I mean, it's lovely paper but it's a bit clean. Do you know what I mean? There's no edge to it. It's fun drawing on it but ultimately it's like... It's very clean. It's just paper. I quite like that drawing and if it was on slightly more exciting paper, it might nearly be frame-worthy.

S: You like a paper that is valued as much as the drawing?

T: I think that, basically, when you choose beautiful things you don't need loads of different elements. That is the beauty... So it would be minimalist to choose a nice paper because then you're not going to have to add loads of shit to the paper to make it exciting. I am into paper fascism.

S: Paper fascism?

T: Yeah, and pens. Oh my god, stationery is big...

S: Oh yeah? Favourite brand of pen?

T: Caran d'Ache. Swiss made. Comes in a beautiful vacuum-moulded metal tin. It's basically just a Biro, but with an infinite roller tip. So it's basically just a blue Biro, which is essentially what we all actually need to write with.

S: Why blue?

T: School colour. I like a standard. You know this word 'luxury item?' If you have a luxury item, how often are you going to use it? If you have an item that's luxurious, but it's an everyday item, for me that's a luxury item.

S: The function is the luxury.

T: Yeah, because it's basically the best tool you could possibly use. I hate saving things for special occasions.

S: Are these the pens?

T: No, these are just charcoal. This is Caran d'Ache charcoal. I wanted to give it a go just because I wanted something a bit more natural and I like that it comes in a vial.

S: We're straight up doing science now. So, I know you do a lot of life drawing. What do you like to think about while you draw?

T: As little as possible. You need a clean mind. Drawing is a new and an old practice for me. Like, when I was a kid, I would draw because it calmed me down.



TED RODGERS

In conversation with:

I talked with Ted for 3 hours, we had a lot to discuss, but here's a snippet that I think best captures their vibe.

What kind of things keep you going in life?

Friends, dinner, the gym, silence, music.

Who are you drawing inspiration from at the moment?

Really non-distinct random images of, like, Italian film, men in Wall Street, and, like, black and white crowd scenes.

Who are you trying not to copy?

Dominic Myatt's drawings. I'm a really big fan, I'm trying not to just emulate. The thing is, your line is your line, which is what I'm trying to tell myself. You have ownership over the things you draw, even if they look like somebody else's work.

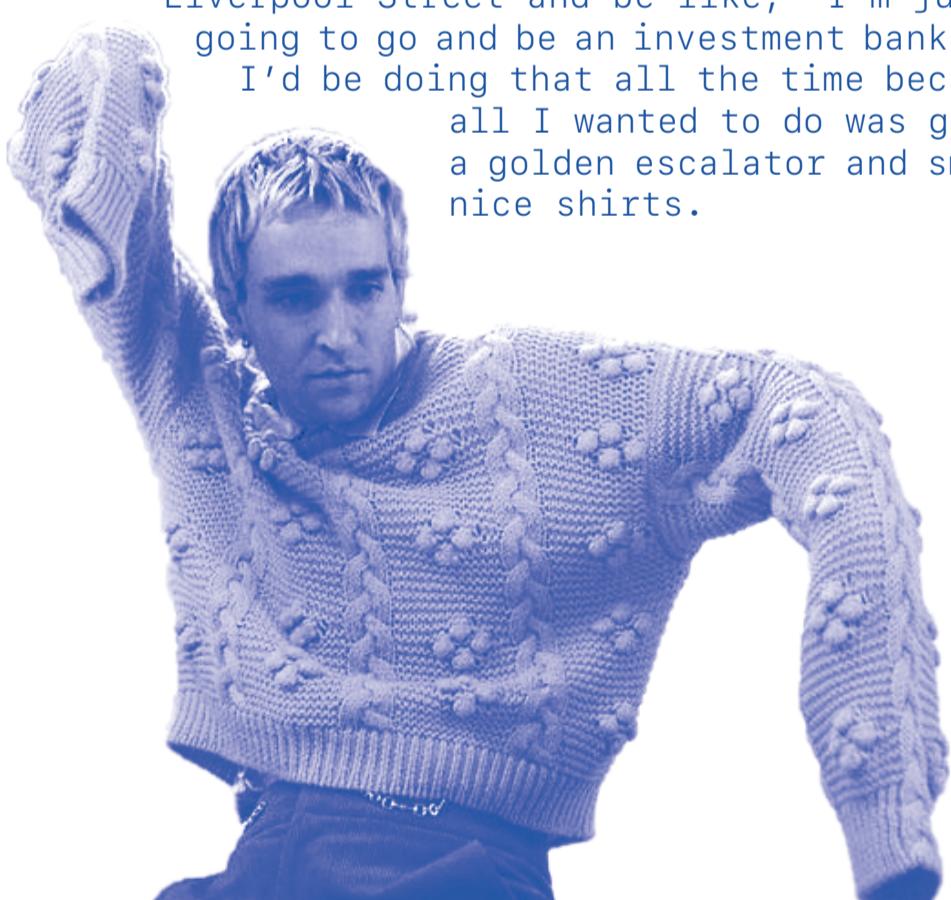
What's your favourite part of the day? Why?

The morning. Journalling, working out, staring at the trees, finding peace. Setting up your day.

And did you ever imagine yourself down a different path?

Yeah, all the time. These might just be fantasies, but when I was living in London and trying to be a dancer the first time around, all I could think about was money, even though I don't now. It's disgusting, but it's like a drug. So I'd walk through Liverpool Street and be like, "I'm just going to go and be an investment banker".

I'd be doing that all the time because all I wanted to do was grab a golden escalator and smell nice shirts.



If you could be in someone else's shoes for just one day, who would you choose?

I'm such an MTV Cribs kid. It would probably be Mariah Carey. Basically, like, a celebrity who doesn't have to work that much anymore, but just has loads of fucking supercars... But this is because of the mood that I'm in right now. I might want to be a bit more of service to the world in a different answer.

What kind of advice would you give any aspiring creatives that are at the start of their journey?

Just keep doing shit. Just do it. Just make some fucking stuff. It's going to be cooler because you made it. As soon as someone's like, "I made this", I'm immediately thinking this is the coolest thing I've seen today. It could be a bit of cloth that they draped over themselves. I'd be like, "I love it". You made that. And now you're wearing it and showing it off. I'm so proud of you. It's beautiful.

What is the dream solo show location?

I thought it would be cool to do something with Studio Voltaire. They do really cool queer shit and they do really cool mental health shit and they do cool shit about interiors and they're like my three favourite subjects.

Do you work well with others or are you more of a stage hogger?

Ha! Totally both. I hate choreographing on my own. I hate dancing on my own. But if I'm going to put a thing on, I'm going to be a stage hogger. I'm quite good at being the centre of attention.

What is the reason you got into art in the first place?

I don't know if I ever got into art. It's inescapable for me. It's just one of those things. People were calling me an artist forever and I was like, "I'm a dancer, I'm not an artist". They're like, "no, you're an artist". And I'm like, "I don't know what the fuck that means". People were calling me an artist when all I was doing was in the club in a thong. And I was like, "no, I'm a stripper". They're like, "you're a performance artist". I'm a sex worker. I'm a stripper. But somehow I'm an artist. I didn't really get into art. I just am.

"I'm quite good at being the centre of attention."

This milder rendition of what should be an utterly scathing cultural critique by Michael Sagna perfectly embodies gossip in 2023. The list initially presents itself as a catty inventory of inadvertently observed strangers, yet it cunningly and brutally transforms into a critique that mostly points to activities or objects that are harmful, outdated, or unnecessary.

In an iconic and primary sense, this format of the 'iPhone notes page list' epitomises change. Just like the almighty supermarket shopping list, it captures a moment in time when these items are all you require. At this moment, all you desire in the world are eggs, Maldon Salt, Kerry Gold butter, and a tube of sour cream and onion Pringles. But hey, next week, all you'll need is a loaf of sourdough and a block of President Brie.

This restructured list entirely supersedes the old one; if you've completed the task of obtaining the items the first time around, they suddenly become irrelevant words. If there were items that didn't get checked off, well, the failure is harrowing, but they survive to see another round as you scurry about the shop, wondering, "is this friggin' tamarind paste even worth it?". (It is.)

The List – as a medium of expression – emphasises that change is inevitable and that the items on it are only relevant now; they will gradually and exceedingly cease to have the same relevance as time goes on.

This article was written by Samuel George.

In/Out list was curated by Micheal Sagna.

< Notes



In

Fuck ass bobs

Dry humping

Soy milk

Natural deodorant

Religion (the next big thing)

Letting perfection be the enemy of the good

Onitsuka tiger

Using full stops like a millennial.

Young chefs

Birthmarks, freckles, moles, big ears

Cryptic posting

Mutton biryani

Covering your food in the microwave

Boost (the drink AND the chocolate bar)

Cease and desist letters

Out

Sustainable travel (don't go???)

Tall buildings

"Concept" "space" SHUT UP!!!!

Glitter

Continental Western Europe

Curated thrift shops (bourgeois)

Zucchini noodles

Hiring domestic help

Eating meat off the bone

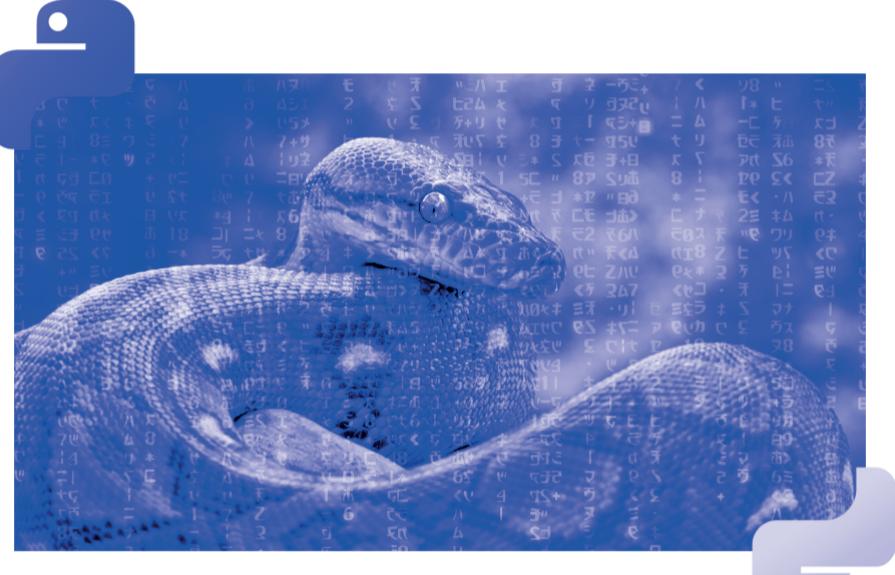
Being from >4 places (not listening to all that)

Chicken burgers

Loud restaurant music



MISSING PYTHON!



IF FOUND, RETURN TO:
1A1zP1eP5QGefi2DMPTfTL5SLmv7DivfNa

new staff required
£10.50 p/h

old staff don't know
yet so can't
release the location!

CALL:
0745SCUMBAG45
FOR DETAILS

These advertisements are fake, unsurprisingly ... But if you would like to advertise in this paper please get in touch, email sam@samuelgeorge.ch for details.

FOR SALE:



BABY SHOES,



NEVER WORN.

car for sale!!!!!!

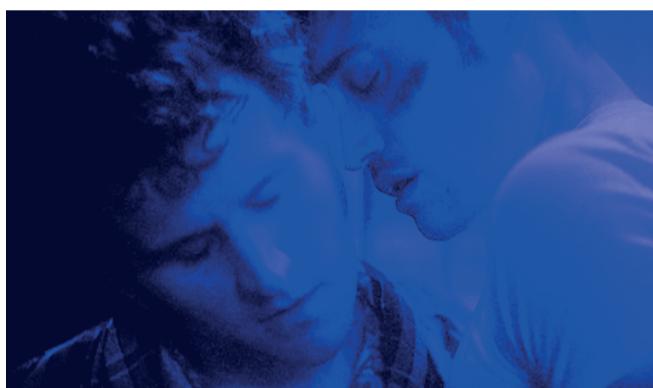


£1,999!!!!

need cash asap
(must be able to drop me
at work everyday)

Amanda Kramer's film *Please Baby Please* offers a glimpse into a camp existentialist reverie that leaves viewers intrigued yet somewhat perplexed. The storyline follows Suze and Arthur, an archetypal middle-class married couple who find themselves embroiled in a captivating and unsettling series of events after witnessing a murder in their 1950s Manhattan neighbourhood. This encounter with a gang of dice-throwing greasers sets the stage for a subtle exploration of gender roles and ideologies, prompting the audience to piece together a narrative that hovers between artwork and in-flight entertainment.

The retro camp ambiance of the 1950s serves as a fitting backdrop for a narrative delving into themes of repressed sexuality, unabashed desire, and the vibrancy of queer urban life.



Harry Melling as Arthur with Karl Glusman as Teddy.

Andrea Riseborough delivers a standout performance as Suze, exuding an undeniable force of talent and feral energy that transforms each scene into a captivating display of show-stopping sexual dominance. Her portrayal embodies the liberated essence of a housewife in charge, challenging societal norms and expectations. She isn't dominated by a man, she is the man. Watching her reminds me of Dorian Electra and several other unhinged queens I've met doing laps of club smoking areas.

Harry Melling's portrayal of Arthur adds a compelling layer to the film, reminiscent of Edward Norton's nuanced performance in *Fight Club*. He portrays a delicate delinquent navigating the boundaries of societal expectations, grappling with his own complex identity and often challenging conventional ideologies to the chagrin of those around him. His character's internal conflict seemingly revolves around a rejection of his own masculinity, leading him to seek solace in the masculinity of others, subtly reflecting the intricacies of human desire.

The seamless fusion of French New Wave aesthetics with the narcissism and observational



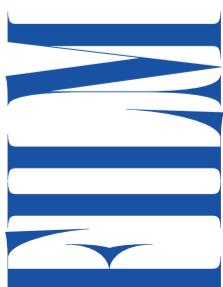
Arthur and Suze witnessing the murder.

traits of Suze and Arthur highlights their inherent attraction to danger as a counterpoint to their seemingly conventional and 'straight' lives. References to bathroom cottaging and the fetishisation of masculinity blend well with the existentialist plot, normalising these elements into a vivid dreamscape reminiscent of Tom of Finland's artistic realm. The film's portrayal of diverse expressions of queerness, ranging from open relationships and drag artists to gender-bending individuals and camp queens, provides a rich tapestry that appeals to a wide audience – enough to fill everybody's bucket. I'll leave you with my favourite and most scandalous IMDb review: "It's monumentally tedious, devoid of humour and, worst of all, sanctimonious".

This article was written
by Samuel George



Andrea Risenborough as Suze.



PLEASE BABY PLEASE (2022)

Review



Tick, Bernadette & Adam, played by Hugo Weaving, Terence Stamp & Guy Pearce.

The interplay between these eccentric misfits is heightened by the classic devil and angel dynamic embodied by the two side characters. Bernadette is an angelic mother figure, there to help with the major issues holding Tick back in life, and Adam, the devil child, is always ready to play the wild card and do something unexpected. This ongoing relationship tickled me, as the creation of a family outside of heteronormativity is always a delight to witness.

Accompanied by Stoli vodka, stunningly desolate Australian scenery, and beautifully choreographed drag performances, this film takes the biscuit for high camp cinema. With an outfit change only moments away at any given time, I found myself reconsidering what I classed as a show-stopper and thoroughly questioning how to jazz up my own wardrobe.



Tick & Bernadette listen to Adam's speech.

The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert is undoubtedly one of the most iconically camp movies to ever exist. This Australian drag marvel follows two queens and a trans woman from Sydney to Alice Springs in the middle of the Outback.

The story goes that Tick, one of the drag artists, owes a favour to his estranged wife and agrees to perform at the hotel she manages. He convinces Bernadette, a recently widowed woman, to accompany him and Adam – a fiery twink from a wealthy family – to come along, it seems, just to piss off his mother. The trio squabble, cackle, berate and demonise each other throughout the adventure in the cruel yet kind way we all know and love, meeting unlikely characters throughout and, of course, learning life lessons along the way.



An en-route performance on top of Priscilla.

Aside from all this praise, I did find that Tick as a protagonist doesn't do as much as I'd like throughout the film, he often lets the women in his life sort it all out for him. He's so at odds with his shame about his life before being an out-and-proud homosexual that it sort of becomes his entire personality. I understand this to be the iconic learning curve of queer cinema, the classic 'be who you want to be'; but, in truth, I've seen better. You can't polish a turd, but you can roll it in glitter.

Bernadette is much more fleshed out, having lost her husband in the first two seconds, she grieves in a timely manner, composes herself, and seeks out a new life. This is a graciously strong portrait of trans identity, showcasing an independent and matriarchal existence. A standing ovation for 90s cinema. Honestly, this really is a must-see, if you call yourself a true queen.

*This article was written
by Samuel George*

THE ADVENTURES OF PRISCILLA, Queen of the Desert (1994)

Review



SPOLETO SPONSORS



'Enjoying the Sports Section' By Samuel George

SPRING SKILLS WORKSHOP



A land of ochre scenery and altitudinal zonation, Armenia, or *Hayastan*, is a small, mountainous country located in the South Caucasus. Often rhymed with the word *kar*, meaning rock, Armenia is affectionately known as *Hayastan-Karastan* by its locals, directly translating to 'Armenia, Country of Rocks'. And indeed, the people of this small yet stubborn nation have invariably been characterised by their distinctive highlands, where images of their pre-eminent rocks – for instance, that of the revered Mount Ararat – continue to encase their myths and legends, in turn lending to their rock-strewn heritage. Yet with the ever-contracting peripheries of *Hayastan*, it can be said that the rocky history of the Armenians continues to be determined by their myth, where an ever-growing list of severed territories and ensuing political conflicts mould an unstable and vulnerable identity – one which remains under construction as it struggles to situate itself in the present, whilst it attempts to retrace its contentious past.

Such is the framework behind the late Maria Saakyan's *The Lighthouse*, or *Mayak* (2006), an allegorical portrayal of home-seeking and home-founding set against an unspecified war, taking place in an undefined region during an unstated time, somewhere in the highlands of the post-Soviet Caucasus. Coordinates are of little importance here, as Armenian emigrée Saakyan's subtle yet resounding musings make unfaltering reference to her homeland throughout the film, which was shot in the Lori Province of Armenia. Perhaps modelled in the image of Saakyan herself, the story follows the Russian-speaking protagonist Lena, also an emigrée, visiting her native valley. Joyful and sunny dreams of Armenian dancing, accompanied by a folkloric voice singing to the mountains, awaken Lena as her train from Moscow pulls in at the station. However, she soon finds bucolic memories of her childhood obscured by recurring gunfire and an ominous mist, or perhaps smoke, which envelop her craggy village. Screeching flocks, menacing aircraft, night-time raids, missing menfolk, and a general sense of indetermination within the hazy limbo prompt Lena to initially cry out, 'It's impossible to live here!' But while she unsuccessfully encourages her remaining family to flee, like them, she eventually discovers an immobilising stubbornness to remain rooted in her barren yet precious land.

Full of mysterious twists and turns, much like the winding roads of Lena's village, Saakyan's lyrical exploration of identity carefully resists spatiotemporal concreteness. Addressing the liminality of memory, heritage, and borders of a war-torn land through oneiric and free-flowing sequences, the amorphous storyline and the anonymity of Lena's space heighten feelings of cultural and territorial loss which often bypass official narratives, evoking an enduring ethos of uncertainty and vulnerability. As a result, the timeless and versatile

qualities of the film give new relevance to silenced conflicts such as that of Nagorno-Karabakh – a conflict buried deep in the Armenian mountains, which has now forced ethnic Armenians to surrender and flee their native territory – whilst Armenia itself begins to exist more in the margins of a collective consciousness than within its physical parameters. And in presenting a mythical idea of a place and a heritage which seem almost intangible and out of reach right from the very beginning – where the film's dreamlike, storybook opening unfurls an ancient yet tattered Armenian manuscript – Saakyan transcends cultural limitations by foregrounding

Armenia is a land of sun-scorched cliffs. It is a harsh and barren land, and only a selfless, strong and stubborn people could survive here, people capable of performing miracles, people of searching minds and talented, hard-working hands.

– Gevorg Emin

A Liminal adpospud

interstitial elements of survival
to reinterpret the harsh realities
of the present.

Now more than ever, the aesthetics connected to the visual culture of the Armenians call for a (re)discovery of the past to establish a sense of what is new in an act of revolt against tradition and the historical frameworks of injustice. For the searching mind, Maria Saakyan's *The Lighthouse* is one such starting point which seeks to reimagine the vectors of memory, beautifully illuminating a path to the potential futures of Armenian identity.

This article was written by
Maria Kazarian

A note from the writer

Dear reader, I trust that you found my take on *The Lighthouse* engaging. As noted in my review, the film subtly references the conflict in Nagorno-Karabakh, an ongoing tragedy for the Armenian people. In September 2023, over 100,000 ethnic Armenians of this region were compelled to permanently abandon their land as a result of the violent actions of their neighbouring aggressor(s), whose historical behaviour demonstrates a distressing disregard and execration toward Armenian heritage, leaving invaluable cultural legacies and ancient landmarks at risk. I urge you to keep yourself informed about this catastrophic situation which, owing to political considerations, has gone mostly unreported in the media.



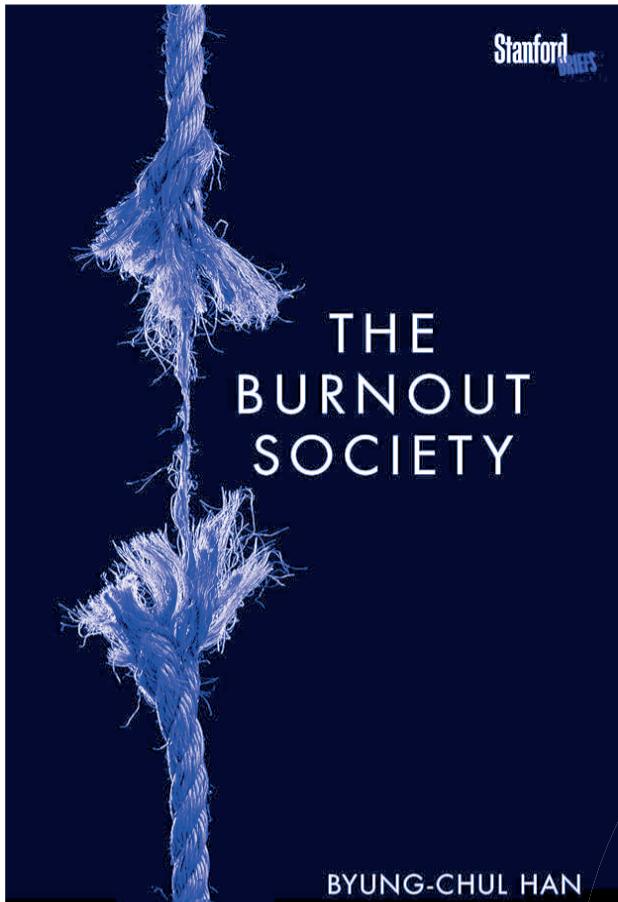
Maria Kazarian received her training as a moving image artist during her BA at Central Saint Martins, and has been exhibited at Tate Modern and Tate St Ives.

She also holds a master's degree from the University of Cambridge where, through her MPhil dissertation,

she produced the first comprehensive academic work on the cinema of Nagorno-Karabakh, exploring its role in preserving cultural and spatial memory.

As a passionate cinephile, Maria firmly believes that art, specifically cinema, encourages us to tap into our intuition and shakes away our default modes of seeing, so

offering us new experiences within the everyday.



'Burnout' is a word we hear more and more, a buzzword that carries a lot of pain and shame. This short yet dense philosophy by Byung-Chul Han from 2010 arguably holds more significance now as it did upon its release. Han uses a very German school of thought to describe and debate why our achievement-based society is harming our collective psyche. He also discusses how forcing ourselves to be productive is a negative form of social control.

Enthusiasts of Michel Foucault or those intrigued by power dynamics within collective consciousness will find this utterly entralling. It's not for the faint-hearted, but definitely for the eager minded. When reading Byung-Chul Han, I felt most connected to his depictions of the erosion of traditional communities. This is not to suggest that these are not being replaced, but rather, they are not being replaced by much; aside from a few online spaces, there's nowhere to turn!



Sometimes, it's easy to slip into the world view that we're in a horrible dystopian nightmare. But what if the history we've been learning has been skewed to fit an agenda to support this?

Throughout *Humankind: A Hopeful History*, author Rutger Bregman uses what seems like an endless amount of historical examples that appear to suggest quite a different outcome once examined. For instance, let's take William Golding's *Lord of the Flies* (1954) which, if you don't know, tells a tale of humanity descending into madness because there are no systems of power or structural hierarchy in place for a group of stranded boys on an island. Bregman counters this example with a real-life situation in 1965, when a group of six boys between the ages of thirteen and sixteen were stranded on a Tongan island for 15 months before they were found. No one died, their fire blazed continuously, and they built a commune with chicken pens, rainwater collection systems, and a veg patch.

So hope is not lost, it was never lost, we just stopped looking for it. This read lightened my heart and became a little sanctuary of learning. Every hopefulness is backed by science.

Now, as much as I enjoy deconstructive writing, Byung Chul-Han opts for a the classic philosopher move, pointing to a problem without offering any solutions. I think in 2023, we can do better than that!

THE SUNDAY TIMES BESTSELLER

'Humankind challenged me and made me see humanity from a fresh perspective'
Yuval Noah Harari

'Hugely, highly, happily recommended'
Stephen Fry

'An exceptional read'
Matt Haig



**Human
kind**
A Hopeful History

Rutger Bregman

BLOOMSBURY

These reviews were written by
Samuel George



In the Biblical story of Sodom and Gomorrah, the namesake cities are overrun with homosexuals whose "unnatural lust and carnal knowledge" force God to destroy them in a rain of fire. Whether we agree that bombing the gays for being horny and smart is a proportional response or not, it marks the first example of a trend in our cultural imagination that I'm calling "burn your gays". **Why is it that our language around queerness is so pyro?** Whether it be a disco or literal inferno, the term "flaming homosexual", the New York gay u/dystopia Fire Island, or the throb of what ends up being an STI coursing across one's soft tissues after a questionable hookup (the "rhea" in gonorrhoea originating from the Greek *rhoia*, "flux"), burning is omnipresent within queer language. For centuries the word "faggot" referred to a bundle of firewood: women who collected it began to be known pejoratively as "faggot gatherers", a term I'm sure Charli XCX would answer to. Through its association with effeminacy, it would eventually become a pejorative for gay men.

It is a logical configuration: as with queer identity, fire is in a permanent state of transmutation, always contesting fixed boundaries and assumed borders. In the words of theorist John Durham Peters, it "exists by disappearing", occupying a state of perpetual precarity and marginality. Fire provides heat, energy, potential, as well as lasting damage if one is unequipped to deal with it carefully. Ultimately, fire may be suppressed but it is never truly eradicated. Our planet is constantly on fire, the only one in the solar system with the capacity to do so. What metaphor could better encompass the explosive, precious, often painful but always extremely hot experience of queer life?

Few artists have made the connection so resoundingly as performance artist and DIY filmmaker Jack Smith in his 1963 short *Flaming Creatures*. Produced on a budget of \$300, the 40-minute art film sees a horde of "creatures" – men, women, drag queens, intersex people and everything in between – occupy in a gloriously horny, fertile present tense. It is a captivating, at times, intensely irritating experience. Noises are layered densely, be they bastardised advertising jargon ("Is there lipstick that doesn't come off when you suck cocks?"), grotesque kissing noises or great thickets of squeals during an unhinged if highly artificial rape scene. The out-of-date Kodak Plus-X film Smith shoots on, stolen from an Army surplus store, results in violently unstable images as if undergoing mitosis as they play. His camera is always in search of a freer way to view, lingering on the peripheries and outline of his subjects as if mirroring their subaltern status.

It is also extremely silly. Smith made the film as a document of "all the funniest stuff he could think of", and for all its arresting imagery, it is also a bunch of queers queening out on a rooftop, vamping for the camera, wiggling dicks and pouting. Smith wanted to depict "all kinds of glamour" and the generosity of his direction pulses through shots of jiggling boobs, lascivious applications of lipstick, glamorous made-up faces and bizarre Marilyn Monroe impersonators. Its lack of a pornographic undertone has the effect of heightening the provocation: with no erotic gaze, we are forced to contend with the strange paradox of the so-called "natural" body. Every body part is degendered, queered, with no contradiction



between an image of a flaccid cock and a lipstick, an armpit and a vagina. We understand as the runtime continues that these creatures are not "flaming" as in "flaming homosexual", but in a way that is altogether more primordial, like the pulse of magma through the Earth's core. There is never a money shot or climax, because the whole movie is one constant climax, quite literally a big bang.

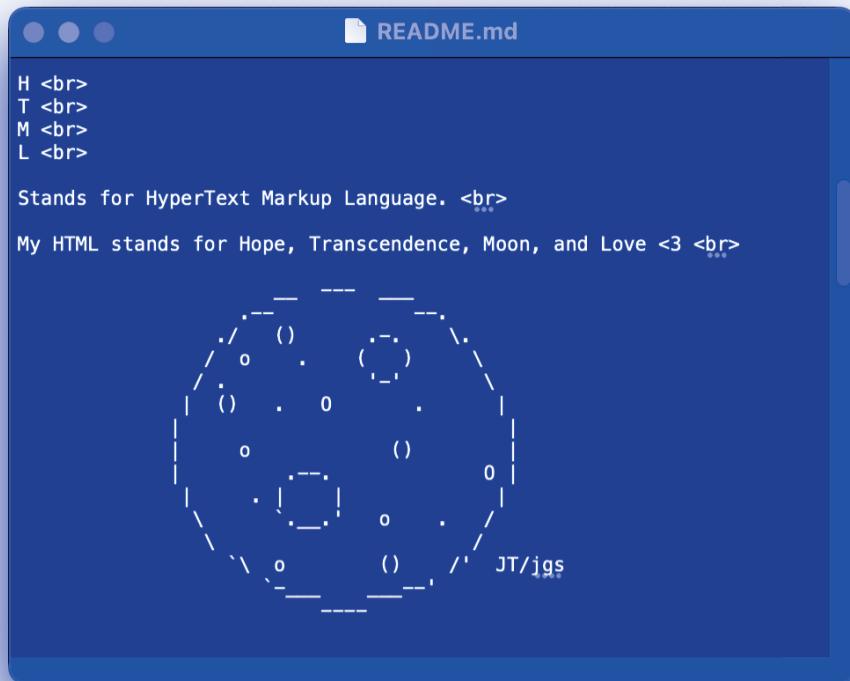
Smith swore he would never complete another film after *Flaming Creatures* given the film became a media furore following an obscenity trial. His following films would be in a constant state of fluctuation, Smith sometimes editing his films from the projectionist booth, meaning they could run up to 4 hours long depending on his mood. His resentment towards the peers he deemed ruined by commercialisation soured his chances of continued success, and by the 1980s, Smith would be living on the street. Dying from AIDS-related complications at age 56, he requested that all his works be burned afterwards, although Warhol superstar Penny Arcade prevented this from happening.

Fire gives us access to non-being, disappearing as it arrives, eviscerating what it touches. The experience is one familiar to queer experience: coming out scorches one's past to make way for a new narrative, governments bellow out rhetoric about our danger to society even as they pretend we do not exist. The experience of Smith speaks to a final linkage of fire and queerness: *burnout*. The point at which the fire can no longer sustain itself, burnout is a risk for all those who struggle under our heteronormative hellscape. Yet part of the euphoria of *Flaming Creatures* is how it imagines a world outside of these strictures. Even as Smith razes established cinematic conventions – plot, high-quality film stock, good taste – to the ground, he envisions a hornier, scarier, more beautiful utopia in its wake.

Burning, even as it destroys a forest, provides minerals for the soil and allows for new growth. Sixty years on, the fertile ashes of *Flaming Creatures* continue to enrich.

This article was written by
Matteo Pini





Jazmin Morris is a creative computing artist and educator based in London. Her personal practice and research explore representation and inclusivity within technology. She uses free and open-source tools to create digital experiences that highlight issues surrounding gender identity, race and power; focusing on the complexities of simulating culture and identity.

Jazmin is a socially engaged artist, often collaborating with communities to provide workshops and tutorials, including Tech Yard - a community initiative that she founded to encourage voices that are often excluded from technical developments to gain skills and confidence in the area. Jazmin envisions a better, decentralised web that enhances identities instead of hindering them.

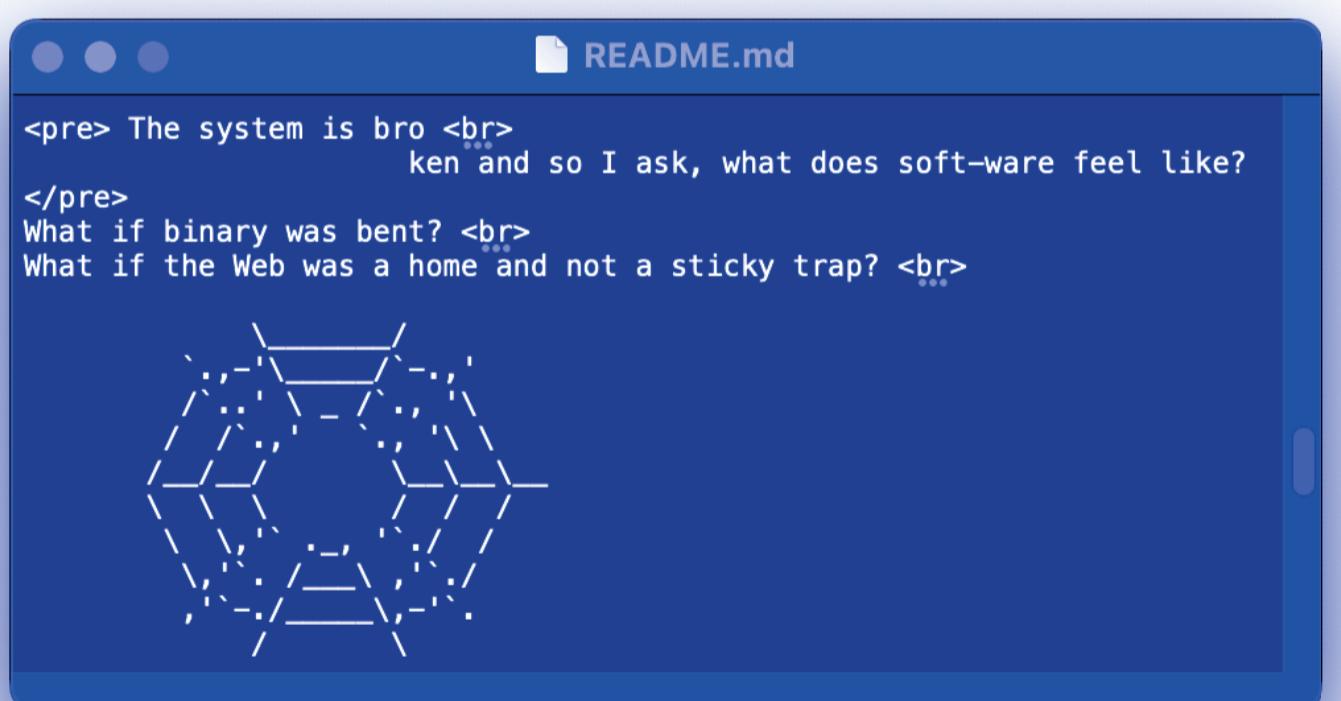
She still fantasises over web.1 and Super Mario 64.

Recently, I started learning HTML, following the realisation that web developers can earn much more than I'd expected. After years of messing around with my own website, I thought it can't be too difficult. Boy, oh boy, was I wrong. Three months later, I can write the code for a text-based website with links; professional coders I meet ask me why I'm not learning Python or C++, and they tell me I'm wasting my time. So I think I'll stick to what I know for now.

Jazmin Morris' poetry is written using the HTML format, originally published on GitHub, a cloud storage website that allows programmers to share and store their code. This form blends the ancient power of words with the increasingly significant structure of new languages, one of ruthless binary. Unlike the languages we use for communication, code does not allow for interpretation; it's simply a matter of right or wrong, run or error.

For me, these poems are a step away from binary code, a motion towards merging forms communication. These poems won't run as code, but they do run as a symbol of the interwoven connection between humans and technology. In a reality where scriptures are becoming scripts, I wonder what will be immortalised as our technological developments increase and, more importantly, what will be left behind?

*This article was written by
Samuel George*



Excerpts from In-between-Binary, 2021

JAZMIN MORRIS

 README (1)



[Open with Preview](#)

1 # My-thumb-caresses-L2-as-I-alter-myself-time-after-time
2 *My thumb caresses L2 as I alter myself time after time is a poem written by Jazmin Morris in the format of a README.*

3 New game

4 Loading...

5 Ambient music and text-based narrative set the tone

6 Loading...

7 An Avatar, slightly bouncing, appears on the screen

8 Who's Avatar?

9 A presumption is made

10 A masc presenting figure stares back at me, bouncing

11 The instant drive to recreate my body swarms me

12 Tab after tab of alterations and editing options surround him

13 My thumbs dance around the controller, considering and selecting

14 I begin the godly process

15 The Adam and Eve like shift from 'male' to 'female' is simulated

16 And a fem presenting protagonist is born

17 I stare at the third version of myself

18 There is a strong dissociation between me and my virtual represent

19 I am defined by a character assumed by someone other to me

20 Currently a slim, brown haired, white woman

21 I admire her appearance whilst I take the journey through the interface of modifications

22 From blush to olive, through to caramel... sweet dark honey to velvety dark chocolate

23 The bitter struggle of resisting the categorisation begins

24 Becoming embodied in countless renditions until I find *my* sweet spot

25 Virtually simulating my flesh; my melanin becomes a series of binary numbers

26 A grouping of tiny brown pixels

27 The quest through the endless menus continue

28 Versions upon versions are created

29 I watch my virtual body shift from slim to fat and I wonder about an existence beyond the boundaries

30 I settle for the slim build with tits the size of watermelons

31 *My* hair is a collection of ringlets, some moisturised to perfection, some left to
32c reate a halo of frizz that surround my head

33 The medium length beach hair will have to do this time

34 Each delicate strand of my tangled main becomes a block of poorly rendered
35 mush

36 Eye shape

37 Eye height

38 Eye liner

39 Eyelash

40 Eye colour

41 Cheek inflation

42 Cheekbone height

43 Cheekbone width

45 Cheekbone sharpness

46 Cheek colouring

47 Forehead wrinkle

48 Forehead height

49 Jaw width

50 Jaw angle

51 Chin forward

52 Chin depth

53 Chin circumference

54 My thumb caresses L2 as I alter myself time after time

55 Nose height

56 Nose scale

57 Bridge width

58 Bridge length

59 Nostril spacing

60 A series of scroll bars and options slowly allow me to regenerate

61 Like a flower from a bud, I blossom

62 And Princess Jazmin is born

My-Thank-carries-L3-as-1-alter-myself-time-after-time
My Thank carries L3 as I alter myself time after time is a poem
written by Justin Morris in the format of a RIMMEL-wor-

Check configuration
Runhead configuration
Runhead header
Dev header
Data header
Data singular
Data multiple
Data multiplex
Data multiplexed
My third course is 12 as I eat myself thin after computer
Never
None
None
Bridge header
None
None
A number of different bars and options closely attached to the
header/footer
Lime
Lime juice in a body, 1 kilogram
and Princess Diana as bartender



My thumb caresses L2 as I alter myself time after time, 2023

Jazmin, courtesy of MIND THE FILM

Embers of Identity

Beneath the strokes of rage,
a tempest's might,
In art's fierce depths,
queerness takes its fight,
A battle cry in brushstrokes sharp and bold,
Inferno's blaze in stories yet untold.

The canvas quakes with colours fierce and wild,
In passionate embrace,
they stand defiled,
Defying norms,
they rise with strength untamed,

In art's crucible, queerness is reclaimed.

The sculptures chisel out a bold refrain,
Each sinew speaks of struggles fought in vain,
Yet still, they rise, defiant, unafraid,

In art's crucible, queerness is remade.

With violent strokes,
they pierce the heart's abyss,
A battlefield of love, they claim their bliss,
For in the battle's heat,
they find their grace,

In art's crucible, queerness finds its place.

In each creation,
scars and wounds they bear,
A testament to battles fought with care,
For in the fiery forge where passions burn,
Queerness in art, a fierce and epic turn.

In art, they rise, unyielding in their stance,
A battle cry,
a queer and fierce romance,
With violence, they carve out a world anew,

In art's crucible, queerness shines in view.

GAËTAN GAUTHIER



The radio is playing at work and I'm stood at the back, leaning against the freezer that's full of ice creams – Vanilla, Chocolate, Salted Caramel and Raspberry – looking down the rectangle-shaped kitchen at Jero (the Chef).

Tonight is dead.

Little bits of meat are still burning. Held down by the grease spat out by the burgers in today's service, turning a concentrated black on the plancha. At the end of the night, it will be cleaned by pouring over a bucket of ice. Then forcefully scrubbing with a scourer to wash away the remains of all the missed food. Plumes of steam that rise up from the ice melting like the chef is trying to extinguish hell and take back the souls that were damned there. But, it can never be done. Their souls become part of this place, wrapping themselves around every surface and stay in the kitchen forever. This is why everything is always so stinky and why, I believe, the sink is always blocked.

Jero's finger is moving up and down looking at the newsreel on his phone. Their neck is cracked. He has been like this for the past 2 hours, like a stone statue stood motionless. The only sign that tells me he is still conscious is his finger. I could push him and he'd topple straight over. Maybe I should, because even as he stands, an aggressive air circles him.

I look past his head. There are two pies sat steaming through their stabbed fork holes on the pass.

The heat lamps lighting up the egg wash creating a desert reflecting on the pastry, with smoke coming up from the horizon. I see George (the bar manager) coming through the haze – completely off the floor – like Tom (from Tom and Jerry) inhaling the beef smell up to his nostrils and smiling a tasty grin before he takes the plate and turns around.

S
H
U
M

He looks embarrassed.

He stands back up holding the metal bowl that keeps the form of the pastry together. I think, gesturing to say how heavy it is, he holds up the pie between the shelves on the pass and re-enacts what just happened in homage to Charlie Chaplin. He turns around. I can only see his back in-between the shelves walking along the L-shaped bar seeming more harboured in his day job now. (If you were to turn the letter L 180 degrees clockwise, that is the shape of the bar. He goes to the end and turns right into the restaurant area of the pub).

His movements lead my eyes to Beef (one of the locals)



stood wearing his usual wet-grass-shaded shirt with a terrible winter coat to match (but stylish) holding a half-empty beer, just in case someone steals it (there is no one else here) at the end of the bar. He checks his phone, then downs the rest. I watch his eyes bulge trying to swallow the liquid. He is old and I worry for him.

I have been watching The Day After Tomorrow lately, at night because I have trouble sleeping, and there is a point where the three men trekking across the icy-end-of-the-world-landscape, to rescue Jake Gyllenhaal, walk along the roof of a glass shopping centre by accident. The man's weight at the back breaks the glass and is mid-way through the fall that will kill him when the team member at the front grabs hold of a metal rivet, suspending him above his death in mid-air. To save the rest of the team, the actor cuts his rope to re-balance the weight.

Here's your pies gentlemen, enjoy. I hear George in the far end of the pub.

Finally, I'm turning into a corpse here. So as I was saying, John...

One man (I didn't hear his name) is telling John (a friend of the owners) a story whilst they eat a pie each – these pies are made for two

– inflating him bigger and bigger with steady gaps in his breathing which sound like he is dying and willingly, lovingly, being blown up like a balloon.

I cannot see them but I

Ding!

can hear them, sitting in the restaurant area of the pub, and I move closer to the pass so I can hear their conversation.

Jero is still scrolling.

The words sound like they are dripping in between the grub of his teeth. Over his tongue and into his lungs are the details of this man's story. It sounds like he is holding his hands over John's mouth, cupping them after brushing your teeth, being force-fed. If this was a balloon, the tension of the air against the thin plastic has reached its limits. John's laugh explodes all over the silence. Up into the ceiling, down to the floor and back into the bar and coating all the empty chairs and tables in saliva that came from the process of telling.

That wasn't even the best bit. You're a FUCKING IDIOT John.

The man told the rest of the story but it didn't matter. I heard the mumbles of its end walking back to the freezer to gaze down the kitchen, walking my own procession with the sound of slurped beer and curtly on ceramics.

It was terrible.

I see George's eyes come back into the gap between the shelves on the pass and his face tells me everything.

Get me the fuck out of here!

Stairs lead down into the basement in the middle of the pub, where the customer toilets are and where the boss is, at the moment – in a home

fit for moles – doing the payslips. His head fades away making my vision fall dramatically back to the background of the setting – to the windows on the back wall far away from me – the outside.

I wonder what is out there.

A magician pulling a shining fabric away to reveal something is missing.

I know what is out there.
My bike.

It is locked up with one that has been there since I got this job, a few months now. Then the road, a grassy bit with a massive tree and a graveyard only for private use. It looks cold.

The tree wobbles high up in its branches, shaving the air free from its leaves.

Letting my eyes come into focus I look closer.

I see someone waving at the window.

It looks familiar but I am not sure who it is.

They're scratching their head, not waving.

I am also scratching my head. Who is this?



*"Plumes of steam
that rise up from
the ice melting like
the chef is trying
to extinguish hell
and take back the
souls that were
damned there.
But, it can never
be done. Their
souls become
part of this
place, wrapping
themselves around
every surface and
stay in the kitchen
forever"*

This short story was written by Maxwell Lunn, a working-class artist from Leeds. They are currently living and working in Hackney. Max can be contacted by email at maxwell.lunn@gmail.com

Back before the city had grown, there was a Lighthouse on the bank of the river which opened out onto the ocean. Along the shores of the river were scattered boats, which belonged to the fishermen who lived in the houses nearby.

One day, someone fell from the Lighthouse, into the waves below. The heavens were wild, cracks of gold letting loose sharp sore bursts of sun, as they escaped from the grey sky. Rumbling grey clouds over a rumbling grey ocean. The fishermen pulled him in at twilight.

"I know him – he can't swim!"

"That's the doctors boy!" People exclaimed.

A small crowd had formed on the shore, they huddled together in the rain. Waves heaved and grumbled and crashed against the rocks, the sea groaned in its greyness under the small boat when it set out to rescue the person. It took all three of the fishermen to pull the boy up onto the deck. He made no sounds and showed no signs of life. One of the fishermen felt for his pulse and found it.

The heavens opened as they headed back to shore. Pouring down with all their might, hard and heavy rain amidst the last of the golden sunlight. The small boat came to shore and the three fishermen lifted the person up and out, lay them down on the sand.

"He's still breathing" said one of them.

"Take him to the doctor," said another.

A woman held a protective arm over her child so that they couldn't go closer.

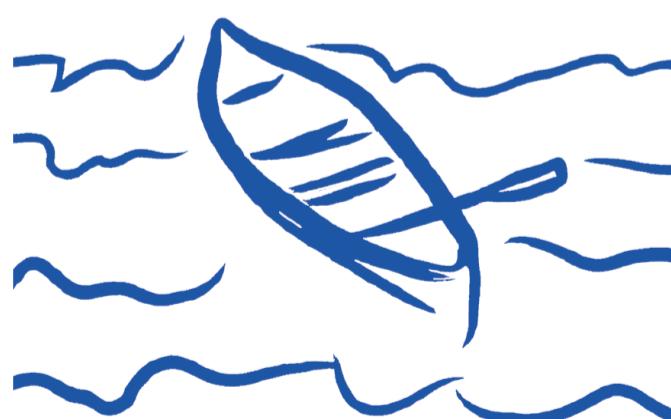
The last of the sunlight had gone by now. The sound of the waves and the pouring rain merged into one. A girl ran down the beach. Tears streamed down her cheeks. Rain poured down her face and her bare arms and legs. The girl tried to reach him, to touch him or hold him but the three fishermen held her off.

"We have to get him to the doctor."

They carried him away

The sight of the boy, soaked, near lifeless. That face. That face that she loved so much, the one that smiled at her, the eyes that looked right into hers, telling her all of his secrets – now closed. Lips, that kissed her lips and kissed her face – now blue and grey like the sea. She fell to her knees on the wet sand. It scratched her bare skin, ground into her shins as she sunk down and wept into her hands.

It wasn't long after this, that the Lighthouse shone its last beams. With more people settling in the town by the big river, the glow from all of the houses meant that the ships no longer required its guiding light.



Nobody knew what became of the girl who cried on the beach and soon the story of the rescue was long forgotten.

Many years later, a rich young merchant arrived in the city. He had just made his fortune selling silk and shoes and had come to the famous city by the river to pursue his dream. It had been the merchant's dream to run his own tavern since he was a boy, and he wanted people from all over the land to come and share adventurous stories from far away places, just like the ones he had heard when he was a child at his father's side. Fetching ale for the adults and rolling his father's tobacco when his father was too drunk to do so himself, he listened to the stories with eyes as wide as two crystal balls.

However, our young merchant found that none of the tavern owners would sell their property to him. They laughed when he came to their doorsteps, who was this presumptuous young stranger? Hmm... it seemed he had not thought this through. Disheartened and in low spirits, our merchant sat on the dusty curb at the edge of the market and hung his head. What was he to do now? He'd come all this way only to be laughed and jeered at, his dreams of running his own tavern evaporated before his eyes. At that moment, a small white cat crossed his path. The tiny thing trotted across the road towards the river, as the sunlight reflected off of its bright white fur and our merchant shielded his eyes from the rays.

Blinking out the sunlight, our merchant caught the end of a tiny white tail as it

turned the corner of a tall and peculiar building not far from the waters edge. How had he not noticed it before? The merchant jumped to his feet and stared up at the building, awed by its curious structure. It had a thick front door which had been painted pale blue but was old and flaking. Veins of rich green ivy grew between the moss covered bricks and zigzagged up to the very top.

The gap in the old stone wall that ran along the bottom of the building revealed a cobbled courtyard with a broken fountain. Our merchant walked slowly closer – close enough to lay his palm flat against the bricks. His eyes were two crystal balls, wider than they had been when he was a boy in the tavern. The bricks felt cool, rough and dusty. He closed his eyes and felt the hum of the old building under the palm of his hands.

"Excuse me?" said the merchant to one of the market traders, who was puffing on his pipe and stood next to cartload of pumpkins in burlap sacks.

"But what is that magnificent building? The tall one with the ivy?"

"Magnificent? Ha!" spat the pumpkin trader.

"That's nothing but the old Lighthouse. No one's been in there for years. There is a someone who owns it, been trying to sell it but I tell you they're mad. No one wants to buy a run down old Lighthouse."

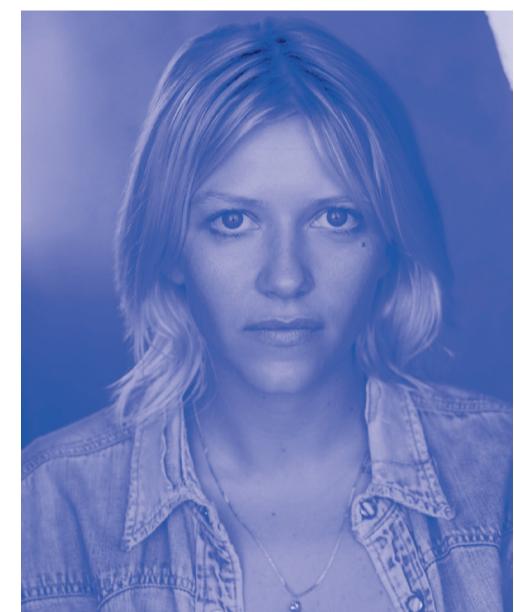
"I do."
said the merchant.
"I want to buy it."

So our young merchant bought the old Lighthouse and set about turning it into the tavern of his dreams. He had quite a task on his hands because of the building's peculiar structure. A lighthouse is not really designed for the purpose of shining its light tall and far across dark waters, and so our merchant built a whole new section at the base of the original building. It was thirsty work. He decided with a firm nod of the head, that this new section of the building would be the tavern itself, and the old Lighthouse structure would be sleeping quarters. One day, when cutting out cracks in the ceiling of the attic room, he noticed a square hatch. Curiously, he put down his tools and pushed on the hatch to see if it would open. Sure enough it did!

He pulled himself up and climbed inside. It was very dusty and creaked terribly so the merchant had to watch his step, but he was astonished by what he'd discovered. There before him, unused for all these years, was the lantern room. He was standing in the very room where the great angelic beams used to shine from! How many lives were saved because of the light from this room? He wondered, looking all around.

It was very cold up there and he realised that this was because there was a draft coming from the vast window. He peered out and saw that there was a ledge you could stand on and the most spectacular view of all of the city stretching out before you. Oh and that vast glimmering river! He held on tightly to the window frame but only then did he realise

just how high up he was. Mesmerised and suddenly panicked, his foot slipped and he lost his balance – very nearly falling to his death, but at the very last moment before the worst could happen – the merchant was able to grab ahold of the ledge with his other hand and pull himself back inside.



Rosa Coduri-Fulford grew up in south London and currently lives in Thanet. This is an excerpt from a longer piece of young adult fiction that she is currently writing.

The Lighthouse

FANCY YOURSELF A WRITER?

ARTIE IS OPEN TO ALL AND HAS A
MANIFESTO BASED ON KINDNESS AND
CELEBRATION

IF YOU'D LIKE TO WRITE AN ARTICLE
OR HAVE SOMETHING YOU'D LIKE
FEATURED, GET IN TOUCH WITH SAM
VIA EMAIL

SAM@SAMUELGEORGE.CH

inside
there's the
latest on the
art scene
and the
hottest on
sports